THE INTERPRETER.

Wherein, three principall termes of State (The *Papist*, the *Protestant*, and *Puritan*) very much mistaken of later Times, especially by the Vulgar Sort, are clearly unfolded.

THE

Incerto Authore.

[illegible] Thos. Scott?

Qui vult decipi, decipiatur.

[redacted]

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TO

All those wilfully Brittish-blinde-Bayards, and *English*-Idiots that perfectly understand not their Mother-Tongue.

THat the uuwise may learne to understand
How certain Words are used in our Land,
And that they may write Sense while they remain
In forrein parts, or shall returne again,
(For, Idioms, fashions, manners, alter Heer
As friendship and Religion every-where.)
I have some Elegancies for our-Tongue
Observ'd, as they are used, now, among
Our ablest Linguists, who mint for the Court
Words fit to be proclaim'd; and doe resort
Where Lords and Ladyes couple and converse
And trade lip-learning both in Prose and Verse.
And, by these few, the Docible may see
How rich our Language is, religious we.
Time was a Puritan was counted such
As held some Ceremonies were too-much
Retain'd, and urg'd, and would no Bishops grant
Others to rule, who government did want.
Time was a Protestant was onely taken
For such as had the Church of Rome *forsaken,*

Thos. Thorp (Antn.) cat. 161 #24 5/6 3. 21. 33 (BHS)

For their knowne falſhoods, in the higheſt point
Nor would for every toy, true peace disjoynt.
Time was, a Papiſt was a man who thought
Rome *could not erre, but all her Canons ought*
To be Canonicall, and blindly led
Flew from the truth for feare of errours dread.
But (now) theſe words, with divers others more,
Have other Senſes than they had before;
which, plainely, I will labour to relate,
As they are (now) accepted in our State.

THE

THE INTERPRETER.

A Romish Catholike or Papist.

A *Romanist* is such another thing
As plots within his heart to kill his King.
That says, the House of *Austria* is appointed
To rule all Christians, and for this annoin-
By Christs own Vicar, and They Rebels are, (ted,
Who dare against this House make any Warre,
Invasive or Defensive: Iesuits wit,
And *Indian* Gold doe both attend on it,
And all *Romes* Hierarchy doe plot, pray, curse
And spend the strength of Body, Soule, and Purse,
To this sole end, that every State, beside,
May be the Vassalls to the *Austrian* pride.
That so *Rome* may of both the Emperies
Keepe both the civill and religious Keyes.
A *Romanist* is he that sowes debate,
Twixt Prince and People, and twixt ev'ry State,
Where he remaines, that he, by that Division,
May worke himselfe some profit, by Decision,
Or bring in *Rome*, or *Spaine* to make all friends;
Who having footing (once) have halfe their ends.

For, as the devill, since, first he got within
Man's heart, keeps, still, there in Original Sin;
So they, where Fever they can interest gain,
Keepe All, or such a Partie let remain
Behinde, assur'd to them, as may procure
Relapse, when men thinke themselves most secure.
Thus, each disease, though eas'd, remaines in part,
And thus, the fraile flesh (oft) betrayes the Heart.
Now, for the rest, no *Romish* false Opinion,
Can make a Papist in the Kings Dominion,
Nor absence from the Church; for at his Season,
He is no Papist that commits not Treason;
Let him to Church resort, Recusant be,
All's one, good Protestant esteem'd is Hee.
Nay its a question, if *Guy Fawx* were one,
But tis, resolv'd that Papist he was none.

His Character, abridg'd if you will have,
He is Spaines *Subject, and a* Romish-*Slave.*

A Protestant, alias, *Formalist*, or *Carnall-Securitan.*

A Protestant is such another Thing,
As makes within his heart, God of the King,
And, as if he did (with his Crown) inherit
A never-erring and unfailing Spirit,
Labours to Plow him-up by praise of wit,
By flatteries false to cozen him of it.
A Protestant is one that shakes his head,
And pitties much, the *Paulsgrave* was misled
To meddle with *Bohemia* and incense
The *Spanish* wrath against which there is no fence.
That, his revenewes, in the *Plaiz*, again,
Were well restor'd, he wishes; So that *Spa'n*
Would take the honours of that House and give
Mentz his demands, letting the *Palsgrave* live;
For, Such a favour of his Land and life,
Not one, except the Father of his wife,
That King of Peace and Love, dares boldly crave;
But, what is it, he may despaire to have?
By meanes of th' *English*, and the *Scottish* Saint,
Who at their Pupils suite doe still acquaint
The *Spanish* Patron; How, our first of May
Phillip and *Iacob* make one Holy-day.
What's, therefore, given to one the other must
Be sharer in; for, *James* is surnam'd just.
And, lo this yeare, by holy Churches count,
The Kalender reform'd hath singled out

The

These two most sacred Saints to waite upon
Our Saviours Feast of Resurrection
Which, by the *English-Heathen* computation
Meets with May-Day amongst our Cath'lick-Nation.
And may be such a Day, as that for goodnesse,
Which some call Ill-May-day for peoples woodnes.
A day of Feasting, and a day of Pleasure,
A day of Marriage, and perhaps of Treasure;
A day of Cath'licke unity and love,
Which may a kinde of resurrection prove,
In our stout Union, almost (now) forgot,
Being barred, both by th' *English* and the *Scot*;
Spaine strikes betweene and like a Lord commands
They joyne their Lawes together with their lands.
And joyne they will, but in despight of *Spaine*
Making his Holy-day of hope but vaine.
A Protestant is he that faine would take
Occasion from the East and West to shake
Our leagve with the United Provinces
To which end he hath many faire pretences.
Our honour, first, for, in the *Greenland* they
And the *East Indies* beate our ships away.
Our profit likewise, for in both these places,
We doe great losse sustaine, besides disgraces.
And in the Narrow-Sea's, where we are Masters
They will presume to be our Herring-Tasters;
But we should have Whit-Herrings wondrous plenties,
If they would give us one of every twenty,
Or stay our idle-leasure till that none
Remaine for them, nor us, but all were gone;

And

And if they will not, thus, our humours serve,
That we (saith he) should leave them, They deserve,
A Herring-Cobb (we see) will make him quarrell,
What will the man doe, thinke you for a Barrell?
Well could I wish these things were all amended
But greater businesses must first be tended.
Our lives, Religion, liberty, and Lands
Vpon this nice and brittle quarrell stands,
And we must for a fitter time attend,
Else *Spain* will soone this Controverse end.
A Protestant is he that by degrees
Climbs every Office, knowes the proper fees
They give and take at entrance of their place
And at what rate, again, they vent that grace;
Knowes in how many yeares a man may gather
Enough to make himselfe a Reverend-father.
Or from the lowest Civill-step to rise
To sit with honour in the starry-skies.
For, he hath gone the progresse step by step
As Snailes creepe-up, where (safely) none can leap;
For Snailes doe leave, behinde, their silver-slime
And gvild the way, for falling, as they clime.
A Protestant is he that with the streame
Still swims, and wisely, shunneth each extreme.
Loves not in point of Faith, to be Precise,
But, to beleeve, as Kings doe, counts it wise.
If *Constantine* the great will Christned be
This will the white-roabe weare, as well as Hee,
And in the hallowed fountain plunge amain
His naked body as if every stain

Were now washt-off, and his enflamed zeale,
Thirsted those waters which soules sinnes do heale.
Again, if *Julian* will renounce his faith,
This man will say just as his Soveraigne saith.
If he intend Religion to betray,
And yet will make a close and covert way
Corrupting men of Office, honour, bounty,
You shall finde this Man to deserve a Countie.
By double dealing, and by broking so,
That none shall thinke him ere they finde him, too,
Apostatized, no way so doth worke
To make a man an Atheist, Iew, or Turke,
As doe corrupted manners, which let-in
A deludge of impiety and Sin;
These backt by favours and preferments, may
Have power to make all-mischiefe, open way,
and every man will censure opposition,
While guilded flattery kills without suspition.
This poysoned-Veyle, then was powred in,
When, first, the Church got means to maintain sin.
And, now, the meanes with-drawn or misemploy'd,
Makes all Religion and all conscience voide.
For, man, that hunts for honour, wealth, or fame,
Will be as those be that dispose the same.
So that no readier way there can be found,
To conquer us than to corrupt the sound,
By bribes, the worst (almost) that can befall
To bodies politicke, confounding all.
Guifts blinde the wise, and though the Chequer be
Open and emptie, as yearst, full and free,

Yet

Yet other bribes can worke the ſame effect
That Mammon could; the favour and reſpect
Of Favorites, a nod or winke from Kings,
Employment, Office, Grace, are able things,
Beſide, the honoured ſtyles of Vicount, Lord,
Earle, Marqueſſe, Duke, can work, at every VVord,
Strange alterations, more than *Circes* Cup,
In ſuch as would, but cannot (elſe) get up.
Will he ſpeake truth directly? make him, then,
A Deane, or Biſhop, then th'are no ſuch men. (furr'd,
The Wolfe hath ſeen them (now) their throats are
You ſhall not heare from them a factious word.
Stands he for Lawes or Cuſtomes of the Land?
Make him an Officer, give him command,
Command where he may gain; this will bewitch
Demoſthenes, who laboured to be rich.
What? Is he bold and forward? Send him out
On ſome Embaſſage, or employ the Stout
At ſea or Land, Some deſperate voyage, where
They may be loſt, then leave them helpleſſe, There.
Vndoe them (thus) before they had too-much
But, being poore, they'll nothing dare to touch.
This Oſtraceſme will ſure, abate their pride,
And they ſhall give for it, great thankes, beſide.
If he be poore, oppreſſe him, ſhut him out
In forlorne baniſhment, where round about
The faithleſſe world, he may his living ſeeke
Then, no man, after him, dares doe the like.
If he be faint, checke him, or doe but chide
Or with ſome nipping-ſcoffes his zeale deride,

Hee'll hold his tongue; Though serious and discreet
Proclaime him silence, whip him through the street,
Crop off his Eares, from maintenance suspend him,
Him Stigmatize, or to close-prison send him;
Thus, what so ere is done, no Bird shall dare
To warn the rest, till all be in the Snare.
Is he a rich man? Then, the fleece of fine
Will make him seeme (although he be not) Thine;
Directly honest (of which few, or none,
Remaine alive, who by this badge are known)
Yet, howso'ere, A Statist way can finde
By policie to work him to his minde:
And, thus, the Common-wealth may conquer'd be
The Church defiour'd, bereav'd of liberty,
Without all bloodshed, under the pretence
Of Peace, Religion, Love, and Innocence.
A Protestant, is an indifferent man
That with all faiths, or none, hold quarter can.
So moderate and so temperate is his passion
That he to all-times can his conscience fashion.
He, at his Chappell can a Bishop heare,
And then in *Holborn* a religious Fryer,
A masse ne're troubles him, more than a play,
Alls-one, he comes All-one, from both, away.
A Protestant no other fault can spie
In all *Rome's* bed-role of Iniquitie,
But that, of late, they doe professe King-killing
Which Catholick-point to credit, he's not willing,
Onely, because he gaines by Kings much more
Than he can hope for from the *Roman-whore*.

He sayes, This onely does the Pope proclaime
For Antichrist, because the *Greekish* name
Doth signifie, against the Lords-Annointed,
As if it (onely) at this Doctrine pointed;
And, therefore, leaving This out of their Creed
He in the rest, with them, is soone agreed,
And so the Kings part may be safe from feare,
Let God, himselfe, for his owne part, take care.
A Protestant is he that guards the Eare
Of Soveraign justice, that the Truth to heare
Hee's not permitted, nor to know the danger
He stands in twixt the Subject and the Stranger.
For, though his foes be wiley-Wolves and Foxes
Subjects must shackl'd be like Asses, Oxes;
Yet, time may shew them not to be such Dawes
As will looke on, whilst others change the Lawes,
And robb the state, Religion doth deflowre
Having their Prince imprisoned in their power.
As Princes have beene prisoners to their own
Even so have ours too, if the truth were known.
The liberty of Will, by strong affection
May be restrain'd which is the worst subjection;
For, then the Vnderstanding will not see,
But rush on, whatso're the danger be.
A Protestant is he that thinks the *Scots*
Come arm'd for Justice, 'mongst us, were meer sots
Or rather Rebells, who would be so stout
(Impatient of delayes) so to breake out,
And fright the Mitred Prelates, whom they blame,
For putting three great Kingdome out of frame

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Striving to turne the Stream of Church and State
Into a Chaos moſt unfortunate.
And yet, This moderate-man had rather ſee
(Vnder pretence of peace and Loyaltie)
His King, Religion, Countrie, State and All
In ſenſibly o'rewhelm'd in matchleſſe thrall,
Than Prelates and their Popiſh partners tam'd
Who have with ſuch confuſion, All disfram'd.
Faithleſſe, himſelfe, he thinkes all faithleſſe, elſe,
And 'againſt his helpefull Brethren he ſo ſwells,
That, Hee'll be firſt will help with purſe, tong, heart,
To work their ruine, though to his own ſmart.
A Proteſtant is he, whoſe good intention
Deſerves an *Engliſh* and a *Spaniſh* penſion;
Both, for one Service, and obtaines it too,
By winning *Spain* more than their armes can doe,
With long delayes and looſing us and Ours
And what's thus loſt, to gain, we want both powrs
And perhaps will: Others by treaties gain,
But wee by blowes, elſe old ſayd ſawes be vain.
A Proteſtant is he that hath no Eye
Beyond his private profit, but doth lie
In waite to be the firſt that may propound
What he foreſees, his greatneſſe plots the ground.
Hee nere examines be it right or wrong,
All's one, ſince it doth to his part be long.
For, to his part belongs to ſooth and flatter
The greateſt man, though in the fouleſt matter.
And, him, he holds a rebell that dares ſay,
No man, againſt the Law, we muſt obey.
His Character abridg'd, if you will have
Hee's One, that's no true Subject, but a Slave.

A Puritan, ſo nick-nam'd, but indeed the true

PROTESTANT.

A Puritan is ſuch another Thing
As ſayes, with all his heart, God ſave the King,
And all his friends, which, to make truely good
Hee'll, freely, ſpend his money and his blood:
And, in his factious and fond-mood dares ſay
Tis madneſſe, for the *Pauſgrave*, thus, to ſtay,
And waite the loving leaſure of kind *Spain*
Who gets at firſt onely to give again
In courteſie, that faithleſſe Hereticks,
May taſte the faith and love of Catholicks
And hope too: But, a Puritan is he
That does not hope theſe holy-dayes to ſee,
And would a waſted country on condition
Scorn to receive; Although the high Commiſſion
Of *England*, *Spain*, and *Rome* would have it ſo;
Falſe-favours hee'd not take from a true foe.
A Puritan is he that rather had
Spend all to helpe the State, he is ſo mad
Than ſpend a 100000 pound a yeare
To guard the *Spaniſh* coaſts, from Pirates feare.
Whilſt, thus, the Cath'licke King might force com-
Both *Holland*, *Breme*, and *Platz*, to undermine, (bine,
And by his Groſſe-Curſe Chriſtian Counter-work
To make roome both for Antichriſt and Turk,
Right Catholicke: for, th'Empire, firſt, divided
By holy-Mothers pious-Plots, who ſided
The Eaſt and Weſt, that he might get between
And ſit aloft and governe like a Queen.
The Turke did great *Conſtantinople* gain
And may win *Rome* too, by the helpe of *Spain*. A

A Puritan is he that would not live
Vpon the Sin of Other men, nor give
Money, for Office in the Church or State,
Though 'twere a Bishopprick; he doth so hate
All Ceremonies of the Court and Church
As doe the Coffer or the Conscience lurch.
A Puritan is he that thinkes and sayes
He must account give of his words and wayes
And that, what so'ver Calling he assumes
It is for others good; So, he presumes
Rashly to Censure such as wisely can
By taking timely Bribes of every man
Enrich themselves, knowing to that sole end
God and their King did them their honour send;
And that simplicity hath onely mounted
By Vertue, but such fooles they'll not be counted.
A Puritan is he that twice a day
Doth unto God (at least) devoutly pray;
And twice a Sabbath goes to Church to heare,
To pray, confesse his sinnes, and praise God there,
In open sight of all men, not content
(God knowes his heart) except his knee be bent.
That Men and Angels likewise may discern
He came to practise there, as well as learn,
And honour God with ev'ry outward part
With knee, hand, tongue, as well as with his heart.
A Puritan is he that grieves to thinke
Religion should, in *France*, shipwrack & sinke, (sway
Whilst wee give aymie; And that those men should
The Kingdome, there, who made the King away,

The

The whilst all such as help'd to crowne the Father,
Should, now, by th'Son be persecuted rather.
A Puritan, in unadvised zeale, (weale
Could wish that Huntsmen rul'd the Common-
And, that the Kings hounds were the onely Spies,
For, they would tell the truth, as th'other lies.
He wisheth beasts were men, as men resemble
Beasts; for (then) surely they would not dissemble,
But would tell where the fault lies and hunt home
The subtill Fox, either to *Spain* or *Rome*.
A Puritan is he that speakes his minde
In Parliament, not looking, once, behinde
To others dangers, nor yet, side-wayes leaning
For hope of honours, gainst direct true meaning.
But for the Lawes and Truth doth firmely stand
By which he knowes Kings, onely, should command,
But tyrants otherwise. He crosseth not
This man because a Courtier or a Scot,
Or that, because a Favorite or a Foe,
But, if the States friend, none can be his Foe;
But if the States foe, be they what they will
Illustrious, wise, great, learn'd, he counts them ill,
He neither sides with That man, nor with This,
But gives his voyce just as the reason is:
And yet, if policie will make a fraction,
To crosse Religion by a forrein faction
Pretending publike good, He'll joyne with those
Who dare speake truth, not onely under th'Rose,
But, though the White-rose and the Red doe heare
Yea, though the prickling Thistle too, be there

And though the Starrs and Sun and Moone look on
And cast, through Clouds, oblique aspect upon
His cleer and free intentions; Hee's as bold
And Confident, as the bright Marygold,
The flatterer, that Favorite of the Sun
Which doth the Self-same course observe and run,
Not caring though all flowers else waxe bare,
So he the goulden-livery may weare.
But, our free, generous and noble Spirit
Doth from his ancient English stocke inherit
Such native-worth and liberty of minde
As will admit no slavery of this kinde.
Yet, he is ready to obey where-ere
Hee may not prejudice the Truth by feare,
Nor faintly seeme to shrink, with-draw, give-way,
Whilst other Mushrumps doe the State betray.
Hee'll not a traytor be unto the King,
Nor to the Lawes, for, that's another Thing
Men dream not of, who thinke they no way can
Be Traytors unto many, for one man.
But his chiefe errour is to thinke that none
Can be a Traytor till Law calls him One.
And, that, the Law is what the Law decrees
In Parliament, by which, whilst that he sees
His actions and intentions justifi'd
Hee counts himselfe a Martyr glorifi'd
If in this Cause he Suffers; And contemnes
All dangers in this way: Nay he condemnes
All such, as Traytors be to Church or State
Who, for the love of One, all others hate;

A Puritan so Nick-nam'd,
And for peculiar ends and private gain,
Forsake their Country and their Conscience main.

His Character, abridg'd, if you will know;
Here's one that would a Subject be, or King.

FINIS.

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